



KIDNAPPED

After getting that depressing and horrid call from my mother, I automatically knew there had to be something wrong. Rushing home I felt the icy cool air of Pennsylvania pelting towards my face with the rain, feeling like shards of ice trying to penetrate my skin with its sharp points. Running into my house I did not even stop to unlock the door I just kicked it in "I will use my savings from shoveling the snowy driveways on my block during the brutal winters to pay for a new door and door frame later", I thought to myself. "Mom," I exclaimed, no answer. "MOOOM!"

"In the living room dear!"

"Oh."

Once I shuffled into the well-decorated living room, I saw something I normally see, my mother pacing back and forth but something seemed off. "Maybe it's not as bad as I imagined." I whispered quiet enough that only my ears could hear it.

"You see I've been keeping something really important from you, and you cannot tell anyone, ever, if you do you will be in a great amount of danger."

"O-," I spoke wearily

"I'm in the C.I.A." I could not believe what I just heard. Should I be happy? Should I be scared? All I know is I felt like I was not able to be trusted. I swiftly turned on my heels, heading for the door. Once I was outside I felt something warm and wet trickling down my face.

"There's no rain, so what is it?" I slowly felt my face as I was unaware of this muggy substance flowing on my face. Tears, just perfect showing emotions. I'm weak, good for nothing.

I began walking , I don't know where to but my legs seemed to know where to go before I did . It started to get darker and I became more paranoid . I felt as if there were eyes following me , burning a hole through my back . Utterly unaware of the dull blue orbs , that belonged to Jason . Jason was any other seventeen year old jock . He seemed perfect , everyone wanted to be around him , utterly popular . Got everything , some cases anyone , he wanted . His appearance is obviously the greatest part of his act . Unlike all the other jocks that everyone knew everything about , Jason had a secret that would possibly change every one's view , he was forced into kidnapping . Not taking girls off the streets then send them back , no he was forced into kidnapping them until their death . A pair of strangely warm hands were placed over my mouth and covering my grey eyes .

I was pulled along with my kidnapper, as I like to call him. Judging by how far I was off the ground, I'm guessing that he is not that much older, maybe a year or two ahead. All of a sudden I was gently put in a car. This is not what I expect, not at all. From all the stories I've heard or read you should be tossed like a piece of trash.

"Move over, you don't want to sit next to the next person", Jason, my kidnapper said quietly, yet you could still hear the huskiness in his voice. I stared at him waiting to see if he would say anything else and while I waited, I noticed how pretty his eyes were. They were the perfect shade of blue-green, his skin was faintly tan making his eyes stand out more than the rest of his features. He placed me on his lap, with a rough grip around my body, now I see that "bad boy" is just an act. The rest of the ride was an uncomfortable silence, yet I was perfectly adequate.

I felt myself being lifted, opening my eyes, I noticed Jason was about to shove me in a dusty, enclosed room. I started panicking, what if he leaves me there to starve, to be dehydrated, that's how he will let me die, alone and suffering. "Oh yes! What can be worse than being tortured to death," I finished my sarcastic thought, one thing I thought that would never happened to me had suddenly come to my mind. Jason must have noticed the panicky and distressed look on my face because he mentioned, "Wait do you think that I'm going to leave you in there to suffer until you die? Or purposely abuse you for my own enjoyment? C'mon, I'm not that kind of person." Now that he said that I felt better but I still shouldn't trust him, for all I know he might be lying. I'm not at all trusting a person I just met unwillingly and becoming their hostage.

I've been sitting in the stench filled room, waiting for that evil twat ,Jason, to come back. He left me here for over an hour and already twice was I abused . I had red marks on my face , scratches along my arm , and makeup stains running down my face . Not being home for once, I feel as if this kidnapping idea was just that, to get me out of that dreadful house. Who knows what their planning to do, they could be trying to help me, kill me, or whatever else could possibly harm me. As I sat there I started thinking about my mom and how I don't want her dead, as much I despise her at the moment. She will always be my mother. Maybe she isn't even really my mother, then surely I could care quite a lot less. She could be lying about everything I know about her. A loud "bang", pulled me out of my thought. There was a lot more yelling than I have ever heard beforehand .My curiosity took the best of me, the next thing I knew I was walking towards the stairs. Jason was standing right in front of the stairs, shooting at the floor near anyone who tried to come up. All the others seemed cruel, tattoos covering the majority of the visible skin. All the way at the bottom I saw the guy that abused me with an evil smirk on his face when he caught a glimpse of me . He must have heard me come out because he shot the guy coming up. He then spun me around, picked me up and ran out of there . Throwing me over his shoulder I started wondering where he was going to "leave" through. Since we're on the third floor, there is no way to get downstairs. To leave he has to jump through a window .

In the room I was shoved in, the door was locked and Jason was opening a hatchet I never noticed was there . Supposedly, this leads to a passage to get out of here . He started up one of the trucks , stepping on the gas pedal sending it down the road . Driving for hours, we finally arrived at the hotel he was searching for, but something I felt something strange was going on. Pulling up into the parking lot my feeling proved itself , I saw a girl from my school, Cathryn , being held against her will and her top was who knows where. She's one of my closest friend , she was gorgeous, most times I would be jealous of her , but at this moment not very jealous. I wouldn't want anything to happen to her . "You need to call the cops! They might kill her! Hurry!" Jason pulled out his phone, but before dialing he told me one thing, "No matter what happens to me I wanted to tell you, I kinda fell in love with you." I can't believe this, I knew I was felt something for him, but I didn't think he would feel something for me. He pulled me closer to him and kissed me. In a matter of minutes the cops showed up, arrested the men and took Jason away. I know my mom isn't going to like this.

You see, Cathryn bailed Jason out of jail and I've been with him basically every waking moment, when were not awake I'm sleeping at his house. The moment I walked in the door I had it coming to me, my mom started yelling at me. So, now I'm locked in my room crying but that all stopped when I heard a clink on my window . Walking over to it, I realized that there is someone sitting on the branch that touches my window. I opened my window, and Jason climbed in . He pulled me close and kissed me sweet and slowly . Once he let go he said, "I know what your mom said, no matter what I'll be your forbidden love". My love, that started with a kidnapping .